

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEC'IL." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1826.

[NUMBER 94.

THE REFLECTOR.

The following letter from Dr. Franklin to a minister of a church in the south part of New Jersey, was discovered among some old papers a few years ago, when it was published in many of the newspapers.—Those who have read it before will not fail to read it again. It inculcates sentiments of charity and active benevolence; and exhibits in strong relief those virtues for which its great author was distinguished, not less than for the strength of his intellect, his untiring industry, or his exalted patriotism.

"Philadelphia, June 6, 1753.

Dear Sir—I received your kind letter of the 2d instant and am glad to hear that you increase in strength—I hope you will continue mending until you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has. As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more serious service to you, but if it had, the only thanks I should desire, are, that you would always be ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance; and so let good offices go round; for mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favours, but as paying my debts. In my travels and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have an opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefitted by our services. These kindnesses from men, I can, therefore, only return to their fellow-men; and I can only show my gratitude to God by a readiness to help his other children, and my brethren, for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less to our Creator.

"You will see, in this, my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven, we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree and eternal in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more so, the happiness of heaven? For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, or the ambition to desire it, but content myself in submitting to the disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he never will make me miserable, and that, the affliction I may at one time suffer, may tend to my benefit.

"The faith you mention has, doubtless, its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I desire to see it lessened in any man, but I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it. I mean real good works, works of kindness, charity, mercy and public spirit; not holy-day keeping, sermon hearing, or reading; performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flattery and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity.

"The worship of God is a duty—the hearing and reading may be useful; but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if the tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves though it never produced any fruit.

"Your good Master thought much less of these outward appearances than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doers of the word to the hearers; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable but orthodox priest and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and never heard of his name—he declares, shall, in the last day, be accepted; when those who cry, *Lord, Lord*, who value themselves on their faith though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time so good that they need not hear even him for improvement, but now-a-days we have scarcely a little person that does not think the duty of every man within his reach, to sit under his petty ministration, and that whoever omits this offends God—I wish to such more humility, and to you, health and firmness.—Being your friend and servant,

BENJ. FRANKLIN."

Nothing appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulation; and, it is observable, that only weak animals endeavor to supply by craft the defects of strength, which nature has not given them.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

Mr. Editor.—The sheet, of which the following is a copy, seemed to have been used for the wrapper of a gallopit. It was thrown carelessly away, and picked up by me in the gutter in—street, early last Sunday morning, as I was returning from watching with a friend, sick with the Influenza. It appeared to contain the minutes of a journal kept by a disciple of Esculapius, for the purpose, doubtless, of deriving benefit hereafter from his own reminiscences. And under the belief it might contribute at least to the amusement of some of your readers, I ask the favour of you to lay it before them. There are two or three odd scraps of Latin in it, and so forth, and therefore I request the Ladies not to read it, and of course they will not.

P. Q.

Feb. 18. Influenza! thou "novum monstrum terrarum"! mighty name,—before whose portentous sound the wealthy bow captive, and the multitude is led in fetters! at whose touch the bands of life are dissolved, like an icicle before the Sun, and the foundations of health are sapped ere the insidious ruiner be perceived; thou shakest the tree of life, and the old drop off, like withered leaves unable to retain their feeble hold, while the young and the strong, like green leaves, cling little longer; but even they are sometimes swept away by the ruthless ferocity of thy blast. Yet it's an ill wind, they say, which blows no good. Thirty visits book'd last night. Pretty well. If people must be sick, as my old friend Dr. Lettsom used to say, why I lets 'em. Those who are really sick must have doctors. And those who are partly sick, or fancy they are sick, follow their neighbour's example. "Qualis rex, talis grex."

There's a sort of fashion in the thing, after all. Fashion, like avarice, increases by what feeds it. Or, like Faune, as the poet hath it, "vires acquirere undo." These ponderous tomes which surround me, from the *Father of physic* up to *Machaon* and *Podalirius*, if they ever wrote any thing, and from *Hippocrates* down to *Galen*; and the elegant latinity of the "De medicina Libri octo" of *Celsus*, and all learning of the spruce octavos of modern times, from *Paracelsus* the acme of impudence, and prince of quacks, "qui primum subiect Mercurium medicina," to *Ramsbottom*, and *Dr. Conway*, if crammed into the vacant cells of the pericranium, never could have furnished me with such a run of practice as this "febris mentis popularis."

Here Tim, put these sixteen visits made this morning into the Dooms-day book, before the pencil marks get rubbed from the back of the letter. Must be off again in a jiffy. Scarce time to swallow dish of coffee, take off my beard, and put on clean neck-cloth. Never go into ladies' sick chamber with long beard on. Young ladies squeamish, frightened at black beard. Old ones wiser, entertain for it a certain respect.

See whether *Mortoni* has sent my horse back from stable. Poor patient beast! that bear'st so oft unmoved "the peltings of the pitiless storm," well dost thou earn thy quick-swallow'd, half-chew'd mess of oats. Oh! that thy legs were brass

"a frier Bacon's noddle was," or as the beast's that Daniel saw in his dream.

Who rings the door bell so violently? See who's there, Tim.

Sir! Mrs. Scroggins, Miss Bella Scroggins, and five of the other Miss Scroggins are all sick of the Influenza, and desire your attendance instantly.—Tell the servant, Tim, I obey their commands instantly. Head of Hippocrates!—Scroggins!—what name!—Miss Bella too. Oh! Bella, horida bella."

Here Tim, make me another pound of placebo, man, as fast as thou canst. Season it little more with essence of pitchfork, that is, essence of red pepper. Good for stomach. Prevent gastric juices gnawing too hard. Furnish them with something to bite, and take edge off. Like viper eating file. Mrs. Scroggins complained last time prescribed for her, my medicine was too inert, and feared pothecary had made mistake in "pounding." Madam, says I, always safe to be on prudent side. I pounds my own med'cine self. Attend self to selection of all the materials. Pothecaries dreadful extravagant now-a-days. All profit, ma'am, or almost. Besides, can't depend on them. Great deception in drugs. Quality of more consequence than quantity. Ought always to come first among categories of Aristotle. Always make practice to skim, as it were, the cream of a drug. Scoop out pith of it, like marrow out of marrow-bone, or like inside of pine-apple cheese, leaving the rind, and coarse parts to your measurers, and weighers, your pillars, and your quantum softs.

BENJ. FRANKLIN."

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Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

"Propter uterum solum mulier id quod est." Cap. de *Sure Dumiviratus*, fol. 798, Editio Amsterodamæ, Apud Ludovicum Ebzterium, 1648. Mem: Always quote chapter and verse. Gets one credit for learning. Makes folks believe you're thorough, and read books through. Devil a-bit have I this. But that's nothing to nobody. Surely I say Mrs. Scroggins is a fine woman. Seven daughters, and all my patients! Long may they live to be so. Well has she paid, and without slinking, her share of the tax for the propagation of the human race. Every fine woman was a debt to posterity which she is bound to cancel, as far as she is able, *as far as she is able*, I say, because "ad vana aut impossibilia non cogit lex," as my friend Counsellor Doublefee says. Every fine woman should have seven daughters. Fine times then should we have, in mending the crack'd, and keeping in repair the brittle, porcelyn. What shall the clay, and the dirt, the pot-stone, the clink-stone, the pitch-stone, and the pudding-stone alone furnish the materials for building up and repairing the edifice of human society, while the kaolin and petunse and all the carbonates of lime up to the stalactites of Antiparos, the jasper, the agate, and the precious stones draw back from contributing their fair proportion to the common duty of improving, refining, and adding to the beautification (see Tim what John Walker says) of the noble fabric of the human race? And leave this high, and momentous concern to the dolls, the dull-heads, and the clod-hoppers? Forbid it, Venus; and Apollo—Goddess of Beauty and God of Physic.

Didst make the placebo; Tim?—Half a pound each of hickory ashes, pass'd through superfine sieve, and soft soap, sweetened with ounce of indigo, and quantum suff. of Ipecac?—Didst knead them well together, so that their origin might be hid in as fathomless obscurity as the origin of the ancient Britons?—Blue pills to perfection, of the very first order. Roll them; Tim, in an old flour barrel, and make up two gross. Both alkalies,—good to correct acid stomachs with, eructations, flatulencies, "et id genus omne," up to dyspepsia, and dyspeptic consumption. Always consult the idiosyncrasies of thy patients; Tim. Lime water and vinegar make good medicine. Colour with little logwood, and sweeten with a few drops of oil of cinnamon. Conflicting elements counteract each other, and both are neutralized. So that if they do no good, they do no harm; and that's more than all of us can say. It's like setting a rogue to watch a rogue. One preyents the other from doing mischief, and both are rendered harmless. Medical incongruities as easily reconciled as discords in music, which certain of our poets say, are "but harmonies not understood."

Came near fetching myself out to-day at Mrs. Scroggins? Nothing like brass for getting a man out of a scrape. Mind that, Tim, while learning to be doctor. Miss Dorothea Catalpa, says I, there's nothing like a decoction of catnip to cure the influenza.—Why that's what our cats eat, an't it? La! now I shoudn't ha' thought of such a vulgar thing.—Catnip did I say, Miss? No, I meant decoctio menthae pulgei, vel eupatoria perfoliati, vel lyctopi europaei,—most admirable diaphoretics,—restoring suspended perspiration, creating delightful glow—and, with a blue pill or two, sweeping through the prima via, and restoring health and regularity to the deranged mechanism of the human machine.

(What a gander was the man, whoever he were, who first broke forth into the rhapsody,

"Cur morietur homo, dum Salvia crescit inhorto."

The antidote which Providence plants at our door we reject, while the dear-bought, and far-fetched, from the ultima Thule, and "from farthest Ind," alone can cure. Dr. C—never wrote Latin verse, nor prescribed sage tea, yet made out to live in a splendid house in—Place, and died rich.)

La, Doctor! how learned you are! But shan't I be well enough to go to the Miss—'s ball next Thursday night. I vow I will be. I must go.—Next Thursday night, let me see. Why yes, I think you may, Miss.—There's a dear good doctor now. You certainly are the cleverest best doctor I know on.—To-day, Miss, is Monday. I will prepare, and send some medicine for you directly. Call in the evening, and see if it has been happy in its operation. Repeat it in part to-morrow. Call again in the afternoon, and in the evening, to watch its effects, and observe if it work kindly. During this must remain in house. Call again on Wednesday, and see if 'twill answer, provided the weather be fine, to allow a ride in a close coach round the Square, to accustom yourself, by degrees, to breathe the open air. But mind, be sure not to let the windows down. Will see again how you do on Thursday. And I dare say, with proper precautions, you may venture to go out in the evening to the Miss—'s. But, Miss Dorothea Catalpa, be sure not to forget the life preservers. Life preservers? Why La! sir, what's that?—Why La! Miss, han't you heard of Mrs. Cantelo's patent life preservers? Why it's a jacket, and pantaloons made of leather, to be worn next the skin, that's all, to keep out the influenza.—Made of leather!

Why that's leather breeches! What but a vulgar creature would wear such odious stuff as

leather?—But, Miss Dorothea Catalpa, this is of the delicatest kind of white kid, laced closely to the shape; with a little bit of whalebone here and there; to supply the place of corsets; and, while it discloses imperfectly to the eye a faint outline of the fine oval of the female form, it sets off a beautiful slender shape to admiration; a la Circassienne, keeps out foggy weather, and all the noxious exhalations. And, besides, renders it less necessary to disfigure a beautiful form with cumbersome loads of flannel, and dimity, so that one or two folds of light drapery are quite sufficient for comfort; with Mrs. Cantelo's patent life preservers, which adds wonderfully to the grace and elegance of fine proportions.—La me! now if I don't ask Ma to send right off to Mrs. Cantelo, and buy me a pair. So useful you know, to keep off influenza, fogs, and noxious exhalations. La! I will have them.

Tim, you dog, soon as ever you get M. D. d, get married. Pass the Rubicon at once. See what's on the other side. Find out for self better than Dr. W—can tell you, or Dr. C—, with all their natomies, leather bundles, and Leghorn wax. There's Miss Wilhelmina Scroggins, just about sixteen: She's the girl to put your sheep's eyes on: Smart as a steel-trap, she'll do the business for you, and make a mason of you. Never get into full practice, till pass'd through all the degrees. But, you young kill-devil, do you think I'll let you marry one of my patients, without giving me a bond of indemnity with sureties for three hundred dollars a year, for ten years?

(Here follows in the original a quotation in Greek; apparently from the "Aphorisms" of Hippocrates, signifying that a physician, who was also a real philosopher, was one of the most perfect characters on earth, and that the dignity and usefulness of the profession are to be lowered only by the ignorance of its professors. But, afraid lest the ladies might think it savoured of pederasty, and supposing you had no Greek types, Mr. Editor, I do not transcribe it.)

Here Tim. Take down the Dooms-day book. Book me these thirty-five visits. Some scratch'd on bits of visiting cards, and some not. There's Mrs. Greentea—little Mrs. Fidget—Mr. Hypo—Mr. and Mrs. Pepys—Mrs. St. Vitus, who's as bad as one of Cotton Mather's witches—Counsellor Gormand—Old Whistbelly, the wine merchant, who has the colic so badly, but not from drinking his own brewings—Sly-dog, too cunning for that—Mrs. Nerves, and all the delightful family of the Nerveses. "Oh! natio credula, quoque tolerabimur vobis" as Saint Mark came very near saying. Which is, being interpreted, oh! generation of gulls, how long will ye tolerate gull-catching. Look sharp, Tim, see that thou charge no one twice.

Thirty-five visits per diem! Hand me down Pike's Arithmetic. Tell me, Tim, how much is thirty-five times nine; for "I am ill at reckoning, it suits the spirit of a tapster." Is't forty dollars?—Head of Apollo! but it is, and something more. And how much is three hundred and sixty-five times forty?—Ghost of Jeremiah Conway! but that stumps me. It's enough though. Gold-headed cane, and flat-bottom'd wig—house in Colonna Row among the Dons—red hammer-cloth, and pair of greys. Who'd be Daniel Webster, if he could be Esculapius Coffin, M. D. It's pleasant enough; to be sure, as the poet thinks, "monstrari digito, et dicere hic est." But solid pudding's the thing after all. All men of sense prefer solid pudding to "empty praise." Daniel Webster's a great man, to be sure. And so was Dominic Sampson. I like great men. But, faith! not so great that you can't take their altitude without a quadrant. But what's that to forty dollars a day?—Daniel Webster, and nine dollars!—Pough!—

Here, Mr. Timothy Compound, write me bills for dinner on Saturday. Sit down at half past five. Despatch patients by three. If any send after, say I'm out. Send for Bolus, and Cataplasma,—my cousin Tom Coffin, and Jeremiah Killam,—old Scalping-Knife, the surgeon;—Dr. Liukum, who's good at a goose,—Professor Ninkum, good at a corkscrew,—little Nimeshi the priest, to say grace for us, for he loves brief words, and rolls up his mouth as if he were sucking a cork out of a bottle,—Colonel Sam Hyde of Newburyport, who draws the long bow so gracefully, and manufactures matter for the Marvellous Magazine,—and the jovial Joe Miller, "to set the table in a roar,"—and, though last not least, set down our friend Galaxi himself, that delightful compound of physical pungencies, pepper and salt, vinegar and mustard, all in a bottle together. Set him down, Tim. Order six gallons of Don Pedro,—Wheeler's best. Request Mrs. Coffin to direct two pair of canvas backs,—oxtail soup,—and green goose stuffed with ussafatida, or *Tenifer's* dreck, which I leave for those learned in German to translate. Off with Galenicals. "Sicut Apollo apud Bacchum," "Cedant armata togæ." We'll change our scalpels for carving knives, and convert crotchetts into corkscrews. The dispensers of sub-muriate shall be *protempore* sub tabula. And we'll knock oil a bumper to health and success to the faculty, and general indisposition to the rest of mankind.

Pride is equal in all men; and differs but in the means and manner of shewing itself.

POETRY.

"LORD, IS IT I?"

By J. W. Cunningham.
Let me think of that evening, the saddest, the last,
In the Saviour's mysterious sojourn below;
Where he sat with the twelve at their mournful re-
past,
And mingled his tears in the cup of their wo.

Why falls the reproof on these sheep of his hand?
In this hour of distress can a traitor heigh?
Who breaks from the lips of this desolate band,
The sorrowful question, "Lord, is it I?"

If a traitor was found 'midst the privileged few,
If its own hidden treason each heart could deserv;
Let my poor startled conscience each moment renew
The anxious inquiry, "Lord, is it I?"

O thou Searcher of hearts, whose mystical liae
Can fathom a breast too deceitful for me,
Try all the recesses and windings of mine,
And teach me to cast all my sorrows on Thee.

TURNING TO GOD.

If, gracious God! in life's green, ardent year,
A thousand times thy patient love I tried;
With reckless heart, with conscience hard and sear,
Thy gifts perverted, and thy power deserv'd:
Oh grant me, now that wintry snows appear
A round my brow, and youth's bright promise hide—
Grant me with reverential awe to hear
Thy holy voice, and in thy word confide;
Blot from my book of life its early stain;
Since days mispent will never more return,
My futur' path do thou in mercy trace;
So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn,
That all the trust, which in thy name I place,
Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount and stream and sea!
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping bairn,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?
One midst the forests of the west
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, bath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.
One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain,
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.
And parted thus, they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the heart—
Alas, for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth!
F. H.

THE OLI.

COMMODORE DALE.

This distinguished naval officer died at Philadelphia on the 24th of February, at the age of 70. He was a native of Norfolk county, Virginia. At the age of twelve, he engaged in the merchant service, and continued in the employment of a merchant of Norfolk until the commencement of the revolution. He was appointed in 1775 an officer on board a vessel of war owned by the State of Virginia, and in the autumn of that year joined the Lexington, brig of war. This vessel sailed from Morlaix for the United States, in September, 1777, was captured by an English cutter after a severely contested action, and carried into Plymouth, where Dale and his companions remained a long time in prison. In February, 1779, he effected his escape, and obtained a passage to France, where he joined the famous Paul Jones, who made him first Lieutenant of the *Bon Homme Richard*. They sailed on a cruise in July; and on the nineteenth of September captured the Serapis, an English forty-four gun-ship, after a severe action, which, "for gallant intrepidity and noble daring, is not surpassed, if equalled by any in the annals of naval history."—Of the *Bon Homme Richard*, Commodore Dale is believed to be the last surviving officer. After the capture of the Serapis, Jones sailed to the Texel, where he was soon after appointed to the command of the Alliance, and subsequently of the Ariel, in which latter vessel he sailed with Dale for America in Oct. 1781. In June Capt. Jones having been promoted to the command of a ship not yet ready for sea, Dale was appointed to the *Trumbull* frigate, and in July following, was captured off the Capes of Delaware by a British frigate and sloop of war. When exchanged, the government having no immediate occasion for his services, he took the command of a merchant ship, and continued in mercantile employ until his appointment to a captaincy in the navy of the United States in 1794. In May, 1801, he was appointed to command the squadron sent to the Mediterranean. He returned in March following, and in the autumn of that year resigned his command. He is represented as no less distinguished for his private virtues than for his public services, as a useful citizen and a sincere Christian. His funeral was attended on the 26th ult. "A large body of sailors preceded the Cincinnati, and the children of the Mariners' Sunday School brought up the rear of the procession," which attended his remains to the place of interment.

Mass. Spy.

An ignorant lawyer, pleading in an action of battery, aggravated matters, gravely remarked, that his client had been beaten with a certain wooden instrument, commonly called an iron pipe.

THE NUTMEG. The nutmeg tree is a beautiful vegetable. The stem, with a smooth, brown bark, rises perfectly straight. Its strong and numerous branches proceed regularly from it in an oblique direction upwards. They bear large oval leaves, pendulous from them, some a foot in length. The upper and outer surface of the leaf is smooth, and of a deep, agreeable green. The under and inner surface is marked with a strong nerve in the middle of the leaf; from the footstalk to the point—and from this middle nerve others proceed obliquely towards the point and edges of the leaf; but what distinguishes most this inner surface is its uniform, bright brown colour, without the least intermixture of green, and as if strewed all over with fine brown powder. The whole leaf is characterized by its fragrant odour, sufficiently denoting the fruit which the tree produces. This fruit, when fresh, is about the size and figure of a common nectarine. It consists of an outward rind, between which and the inward shell, is found a reticulated membrane, or divided skin, which when dried, is called the Mace. What is known by the name of Nutmeg, is the kernel within the shell and is soft in its original state.

In the Ukraine, when a young woman falls in love with a man, she is not the least ashamed to go to his father's house and reveal her passion in the most tender and pathetic manner, and to promise the most submissive obedience if he will accept her for a wife. Should the insensible swain pretend any excuse, she tells him that she is resolved not to quit the house till he gives his consent; and accordingly taking up lodging, she remains there till in the end he either consents, however unwillingly, to be wooed, or betakes himself to flight.

ANECDOTE. When Garrick was in France, he made a short excursion from the capital with the celebrated Parisian performer Previle; they were on horseback, and Previle took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture: he did not make his legs drunk. Hold, my friend, said he, "and I shall shew you an English blood, who after having dined at a tavern and swallowed three or four bottles of porter mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country. He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication: he called to his servant that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared and wheeled in every direction; at length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of his faculties; finally he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Previle gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face he asked him again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt? Garrick, whose eyes were closed, half opened one of them, hiccuped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Previle was astonished; and when Garrick started up and resumed his unusual demeanor, the French actor exclaimed, "my friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him."

A formal old clergyman who was very nice about his hair, which he wore in a large roll behind, after the old fashioned manner, was particular in his directions to a certain friend who was about to cut it; "and be sure," said he, to leave it long enough behind to be rolled three or four times over my fore-finger."—The friseur, handing a chair for the gentleman, replied, "Sir, your order shall be strictly attended to;" then entered into a long rigmarole story. The clergyman after a while desired him to cut it [the story] short. The story still continuing, to the great annoyance of the clergyman, he again said "Cut it short." This however, being of no avail, he repeated, "I must beg of you to cut it short, and that instantly."—Only put up your hand, Sir," answered the barber, "tis as close to your poll as possible, and one more cut with the scissors would make a hole in your niddick."

ADVERTISEMENT. The following advertisement was some years ago posted up at North Shields:—"Whereas, several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass, belonging to Mr. —, the head of Ropery stairs; now, least any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to shoot the ass, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the time, to take care of himself, least by some unforunate mistake he should shoot the wrong one."

SECRETAR HUMANITY. The following was posted up in the County of Kent, in the year 1821:—"Notice is hereby given that the Marquis of Canden, on account of the backwardness of the harvest, will not shoot himself, nor any of his tenants, till the 11th of September."

THE REVENGE. Two Irishmen finding a large cask on shore from the wreck of a ship, and naturally thinking it contained the dear usquebaugh, but which in reality, contained gun-powder, were greatly puzzled how to get at the enviable treasure. At length it was resolved to use a red hot piece of iron for that purpose. As might be expected, the one who bored the cask was thrown about in the air by the explosion of the powder. The other seeing his companion flying in the air, as he thought, with the cask of whisky, exclaimed with great sang froid, "By J—s Pat, if you don't come down and give me a share, I will inform the excise man."

A Quaker being interrogated by the late Mr. Wilkes, could not be prevailed to answer plainly the questions put to him. Wilkes, being naturally irritable, was at length in a violent passion and swore at his prevaricating friend. "Dost thou not know," said the Quaker, "it is written, swear not at all." "I do not swear at all," replied Wilkes, "but only at such fellows as you, who will not give a direct answer."

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of LUKE RYERSON, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to CUSHMAN RYERSON.

Paris, March 28, 1826. 91

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, with the Will annexed, on the estate of AMOS BROWN, late of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to ISAAC PARSONS.

Buckfield, March 28, 1826. 91

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of EPHRAIM CHILD, late of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to ABIJAH CHILD.

Livermore, March 28, 1826. 91

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of JACOB ELLEWOOD, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to WILLIAM FRYE.

Bethel, March 28, 1826. 91

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

DAVID BOLSTER, Executor of the last Will and Testament of ISAAC BOLSTER, late of Paris, Gentleman, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

NEARING WILLIS, of Ilchron, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of VERRES GREENWOOD, late of Ilchron, in said County, yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

ELIJAH BISBEE, Jr. Administrator on the estate of DANIEL BISBEE, late of Sumner, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

WILLIAM WYMAN, Executor of the last Will and Testament of THOMAS WYMAN, late of Livermore, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

LEZEKIAH BRYANT, of Turner, gentleman, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of LEZEKIAH BRYANT, late of Turner, in said County, yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

LEZEKIAH BRYANT, of Turner, gentleman, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of LEZEKIAH BRYANT, late of Turner, in said County, yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

HOUSE & LAND FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the Stand which he now occupies—consisting of a good two-story DWELLING-HOUSE, well finished, and in good repair—containing four Rooms on the floor, four chambers, and a good Cellar. A Wood-House, Barn, and a two-story STORE, all finished. A good rain-water Cistern, and a Well of water under cover. Three fourths of an acre of LAND, including a Garden, &c.

Also, the West part of Lot numbered 15, in the 6th Range of lots in Paris, containing fifty-four acres, well walled in, and is excellent grass and tillage Land.

Also, seven small Lots of LAND—containing from ten to twenty-one acres each—a part of which is as good and well wooded as any in town, the other is good pasture and tillage land, and is well fenced on the road. Said Land is a part of Lot numbered 11, in the Fourth Range of Lots in Paris.

Likewise, one and a fourth acre of LAND, situated about three fourths of a mile from the Court-House in Paris, on which is an excellent stream of water, with a good fall, which, with a very little expense, might be converted into one of the best situations for a Tanner, in the County.

The above property will be sold either together or separately, as will best suit the purchasers, and on terms which cannot fail to please. For further information, please call on the subscriber.

A plan of the above property may be seen by calling on ASA BARTON, Esq. at the Oxford Bookstore.

RUSSELL HUBBARD.

Dec. 20, 1825. 177

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a License from the Hon. BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, will be sold at PUBLIC VENDUE, so much of the Real Estate of LUTHER PRATT, late of Paris, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, as will produce the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars for the payment of his just debts and incidental charges.—Said Real Estate consists of the homestead farm of said deceased, situated in said Paris.—The sale to be on Saturday the fifteenth day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the dwelling-house on the premises.

THOMAS CLARK, *Administrator*, Paris, March 13, 1826. 89

State of Maine.

TREASURY OFFICE, March 21, 1826.

WHEREAS, by an Act, entitled, "An Act respecting the collecting of Taxes on unimproved land not taxable by the Assessors of any town or plantation," passed the 29th day of January, 1822, it is made the duty of the Treasurer of this State, that whenever a State Tax has been, or shall be, lawfully assessed on any township, or other tract of unimproved land in this State, not taxable by the Assessors of any town or plantation, the Treasurer of the State shall forthwith advertise the same three weeks successively in the public newspapers of the printer to the State, for the time being; and in one of the newspapers printed in the county where such land lies, if any there be, otherwise in a newspaper printed in the next adjoining county, if such newspaper there be, therein notifying all persons interested in such lands, that unless the amount of said taxes respectively, be paid, into the Treasury of this State, in six months, then next, Warrants will issue from said Treasury to the Sheriffs of the county where such land lies, requiring him to collect all such taxes as may then remain due.

Therefore in compliance with the provisions of the Act aforesaid, I hereby give notice to the proprietors and all persons interested in the townships and other places hereinafter designated, that unless the taxes assessed on them respectively, are paid into this Treasury in six months, they will be liable to the penalties and costs of collection as aforesaid.

ELIAS THOMAS, Treasurer.</

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1826.

[NUMBER 94.

THE REFLECTOR.

The following letter from Dr. Franklin to a minister of a church in the south part of New Jersey, was discovered among some old papers a few years ago, when it was published in many of the newspapers.—Those who have read it before will not fail to read it again. It inculcates sentiments of charity and active benevolence; and exhibits in strong relief those virtues for which its great author was distinguished, not less than for the strength of his intellect, his untiring industry, or his exalted patriotism.

"Philadelphia, June 6, 1753.

"Dear Sir—I received your kind letter of the 2d instant and am glad to hear that you increase in strength—I hope you will continue mending until you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has. As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more serious service to you, but if it had, the only thanks I should desire are, that you would always be ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance; and so let good offices go round; for mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favours, but as paying my debts. In my travels and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have an opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefitted by our services. These kindnesses from men, I can, therefore, only return to their fellow-men; and I can only show my gratitude to God by a readiness to help his other children, and my brethren, for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less to our Creator.

"You will see, in this, my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven, we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree and eternal in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more so, the happiness of heaven? For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, or the ambition to desire it, but content myself in submitting to the disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he never will make me miserable, and that the affliction I may at one time suffer, may tend to my benefit.

"The faith you mention has, doubtless, its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I desire to see it lessened in any man, but I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it. I mean real good works, works of kindness, charity, mercy and public spirit; not holy-day keeping, sermon hearing, or reading; performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity.

"The worship of God is a duty—the hearing and reading may be useful; but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if the tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves though it never produced any fruit.

"Your good Master thought much less of these outward appearances than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doers of the word to the hearers; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable but orthodox priest and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and never heard of his name—he declares, shall, in the last day, be accepted; when those who cry, *Lord, Lord*, who value themselves on their faith though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time so good that they need not hear even him for improvement, but now-a-days we have scarcely a little person that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach, to sit under his petty ministration, and that whoever omits this offendeth God—I wish to such more humility, and to you, health and firmness.—Being your friend and servant,

BENJ. FRANKLIN."

Nothing appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulation; and, it is observable, that only weak animals endeavor to supply by craft the defects of strength, which nature has not given them.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

Mr. Editor,—The sheet, of which the following is a copy, seemed to have been used for the wrapper of a gallipot. It was thrown carelessly away, and picked up by me in the gutter in street, early last Sunday morning, as I was returning from watching with a friend, sick with the Influenza. It appeared to contain the minutes of a journal kept by a disciple of Esculapius, for the purpose, doubtless, of deriving benefit hereafter from his own reminiscences. And under the belief it might contribute at least to the amusement of some of your readers, I ask the favour of you to lay it before them. There are two or three odd scraps of Latin in it, and so forth, and therefore I request the Ladies not to read it, and of course they will not.

P. Q.

Feb. 18. Influenza! thou "nōrum monstrum terrae!" mighty name,—before whose portentous sound the wealthy bow captive, and the multitude is led in fetters! at whose touch the bands of life are dissolved, like an icicle before the Sun, and the foundations of health are sapped ere the insidious ruiner be perceived; thou shakest the tree of life; and the old drop off, like withered leaves unable to retain their feeble hold, while the young and the strong, like green leaves, cling a little longer; but even they are sometimes swept away by the ruthless ferocity of thy blast. Yet it's an ill wind, they say, which blows no good. Thirty visits book'd last night. Pretty well. If people must be sick, as my old friend Dr. Lettsom used to say, why I lets 'em. Those who are really sick must have doctors. And those who are partly sick, or fancy they are sick, follow their neighbours' example. "Qualis rex, talis grecus." There's a sort of fashion in the thing, after all. Fashion, like avarice, increases by what feeds it. Or, like Fame, as the poet hath it, "vires acquirite undo." These ponderous tomes which surround me, from the *Father of physic* up to *Machaon* and *Podalirius*, if they ever wrote any thing, and from *Hippocrates* down to *Galen*, and the elegant latinity of the "De medicina Libri octo" of *Celsus*, and all learning of the spruce octavos of modern times, from *Paracelsus* the acme of impudence, and prince of quacks, "qui primum subiecti Mercurium medicina," to *Ramsbottom*, and *Dr. Conway*, if crammed into the vacant cells of the *pericranium*, never could have furnished me with such a run of practice as this "febris mentis popularis."

Here Tim, put these sixteen visits made this morning into the Dooms-day book, before the pencil marks get rubbed from the back of the letter. Must be off again in a jiffy. Scarce time to swallow dish of coffee, take off my beard, and put it on clean neck-cloth. Never go into ladies' sick chamber with long beard on. Young ladies squeamish, frightened at black beard. Old ones wiser, entertain for it a certain respect.

See whether Morton has sent my horse back from stable. Poor patient beast! that bear'st so oft unmoved "the peltings of the pitiless storm," well dost thou earn thy quick-swallow'd, half-chew'd mess of oats. Oh! that thy legs were brass

"as frier Bacon's noddle was,"

or as the beast's that Daniel saw in his dream. Who rings the door bell so violently? See who's there, Tim.

Sir! Mrs. Scroggins, Miss Bella Scroggins, and five of the other Miss Scroggins are all sick of the Influenza, and desire your attendance instantly.—Tell the servant, Tim, I obey their commands instantly. Head of Hippocrates!—Scroggins!—what a name!—Miss Bella too. Oh! Bella, horrida bella."

Here Tim, make me another pound of placebo, man, as fast as thou canst. Season it little more with essence of pitchfork, that is, essence of red pepper. Good for stomach. Prevent gastric juices gnawing too hard. Furnish them with something to bite, and take edge off. Like viper eating file. Mrs. Scroggins complained last time prescribed for her, my medicine was too inert, and feared 'pothecary had made mistake in 'pounding. Madam, says I, always safe to be on prudent side. I 'pounds my own med'cine self. Attend self to selection of all the materials. 'Pothecaries dreadful extravagant now-a-days. All profit, ma'am, or almost. Besides, can't depend on them. Great deception in drugs. Quality of more consequence than quantity. Ought always to come first among categories of Aristotle. Always make practice to skim, as it were, the cream of a drug. Scoop out pith of it, like marrow out of marrow-bone, or like inside of pine-apple cheese, leaving the rind, and coarse parts to your measurers, and weighers, your pillars, and pounders, and your quantum suffis.

Feb. 20.—night. Here am I, hunted, and worried, jaded, and fagged, find at last a brief respite within the walls of my study. Certainly Mrs. Scroggins is a sensible woman. Else she'd never have selected me for her physician, that's flat. Seven daughters, and all my patients. By my flat-bottom'd wig that is to be, that's bonus. Oh! *Johannes Baptista Van Helmont*! a second Daniel, a very Solomon wert thou, when thou utteredst in thy *Ortus Medicinae*,

"Propter uterum solum mulier id quod est?" Cap. de *Sure Dunnviratus*, fol. 798; *Editio Amsterodami*, Apud Ludovicum Eberiri, 1648. Mem. Always quote chapter and verse. Gets one credit for learning. Makes folks believe you're thorough, and read books through. Devil a bit have I this. But that's nothing to nobody. Surely I say Mrs. Scroggins is a fine woman. Seven daughters, and all my patients! Long may they live to be so. Well has she paid, and without slinking, her share of the tax for the propagation of the human race. Every fine woman was a debt to posterity which she is bound to cancel, as far as she is able. As far as she is able, I say, because "ad vana aut impossibilia non cogit lex," as my friend Counsellor Doublesee says. Every fine woman should have seven daughters. Fine times then should we have, in mending the crack'd, and keeping in repair the brittle, porcelain. What! shall the clay, and the dirt, the pot-stone, the clink-stone, the pitch-stone, and the pudding-stone alone furnish the materials for building up and repairing the edifice of human society, while the kaolin and petunse and all the carbonates of lime up to the stalactites of Antiparos, the jasper, the agate, and the precious stones draw back from contributing their fair proportion to the common duty of improving, refining, and adding to the beautification (see Tim what John Walker says) of the noble fabric of the human race? And leave this high, and momentous concern to the dolt, the dull-heads, and the clod-hoppers? Forbid it! Venus, and Apollo—Goddess of Beauty and God of Physic.

Didst make the placebo, Tim?—Half a pound each of hickory ashes, pass'd through superfine sieve, and soft soap, sweetened with ounce of indigo, and quantum suff. of Sipac?—Didst knead them well together, so that their origin might be hid in as fathomless obscurity as the origin of the ancient Britons?—Blue pills to perfection, of the very first order. Roll them, Tim, in an old flour barrel, and make up two gross. Both alkalis,—good to correct acid stomachs with, eructations, flatulencies, "et id genus omne," up to dyspepsia, and dyspeptic consumption. Always consult the idiosyncacies of thy patients; Tim. Lime water and vinegar make good medicine. Colour with little logwood, and sweeten with a few drops of oil of cinnamon. Conflicting elements counteract each other, and both are neutralized. So that if they do no good, they do no harm; and that's more than all of us can say. It's like setting a rogue to watch a rogue. One preyents the other from doing mischief, and both are rendered harmless. Medical incongruities as easily reconciled as discords in music, which certain of our poets say, are "but harmonies not understood."

Come near fetching myself out to-day at Mrs. Scroggins? Nothing like brass for getting a man out of a scrape. Mind that, Tim, while learning to be a doctor. Miss Dorothea Catalpa, says I, there's nothing like a decoction of catnip to cure the influenza.—Why that's what our cat eat, an't it? La! now I shouldn't ha' thought of such a vulgar thing.—Catnip did I say, Miss? No, I meant decoctio menthae pulgii, vel eupatori persoliat, vel lycopi europaei,—most admirable diaphoretics,—restoring suspended perspiration, creating delightful glow—and, with a blue pill or two, sweeping through the *prima via*, and restoring health and regularity to the deranged mechanism of the human machine.

(What a gander was the man, whoever he were, who first broke forth into the rhapsody, "Cur morietur homo, dum Salvia crescit inhorto." The antidote which Providence plants at our door we reject, while the dear-bought, and far-fetched, from the *ultima Thule*, and "from farthest Ind," alone can cure. Dr. C—never wrote Latin verse, nor prescribed sage tea, yet made out to live in a splendid house in —Place, and died rich.)

La, Doctor! how learned you are! But shan't I be well enough to go to the Miss—'s ball next Thursday night. I vow I will be. I must go.—Next Thursday night, let me see. Why yes, I think you may, Miss.—There's a dear good doctor now. You certainly are the cleverest best doctor I know on.—To-day, Miss, is Monday. I will prepare, and send some medicine for you directly. Call in the evening, and see if it has been happy in its operation. Repeat it in part to-morrow. Call again in the afternoon, and in the evening, to watch its effects, and observe if it work kindly. During this must remain in house. Call again on Wednesday, and see if 'twill answer, provided the weather be fine, to allow a ride in a close coach round the Square, to accustom yourself, by degrees, to breathe the open air. But mind, be sure not to let the windows down. Will see again how you do on Thursday. And I dare say, with proper precautions, you may venture to go out in the evening to the Miss—'s. But, Miss Dorothea Catalpa, be sure not to forget the life preservers. Life preservers? Why La! sir, what's that?—Why La! Miss, hasn't you heard of Mrs. Cantelo's patent life preservers? Why it's a jacket, and pantaloons made of leather, to be worn next the skin, that's all, to keep out the influenza.—Made of leather! Why that's leather breeches! What but a vulgar creature would wear such odious stuff as

leather?—But, Miss Dorothea Catalpa, 'tis of the delicatest kind of white kid, laced closely to the shape; with a little bit of whalebone here and there, to supply the place of corsets; and, while it discloses imperfectly to the eye a faint outline of the fine oval of the female form, it sets off beautiful slender shape to admiration. There's a la Circassienne, keeps out foggy weather, and all the noxious exhalations. And, besides, renders it less necessary to disfigure it in a beautiful form with cumbersome loads of flannel, and dimity, so that one or two folds of light drapery are quite sufficient for comfort, with Mrs. Cantelo's patent life preservers, which adds wonderfully to the grace and elegance of fine proportions.—La me! now if I don't ask Ma to send right off to Mrs. Cantelo, and buy me a pair. So useful you know, to keep off influenza, fogs, and noxious exhalations. La! I will have them.

Tim, you dog, soon as ever you get M. D. d, get married. Pass the Rubicon' at once. See what's on 'other side. Find out for self better than Dr. W—can tell you, or Dr. C—, with all their 'natomies, leather bundles, and Leg-horn wax. There's Miss Wilhelmina Scroggins, just about sixteen: She's the girl to put your sheep's eyes on. Smart as a steel-trap, she'll do the business for you, and make a mason of you. Never get into full practice, till pass'd through all the degrees. But, you young kill-devil, do you think I'll let you marry one of my patients, without giving me a bond of indemnity with sureties for three hundred dollars a year, for ten years?

(Here follows in the original a quotation in Greek, apparently from the "Aphorisms" of Hippocrates, signifying that a physician, who was also a real philosopher, was one of the most perfect characters on earth, and that the dignity and usefulness of the profession are to be lowered only by the ignorance of its professors. But, afraid lest the ladies might think it savoured of pandancy, and supposing you had no Greek types, Mr. Editor, I do not transcribe it.)

Here Tim. Take down the Dooms-day book. Book me these thirty-five visits. Some scratched on bits of visiting cards, and some notice. There's Mrs. Greentea—little Mrs. Fidget—Mr. Hypo—Mr. and Mrs. Pepsy—Mrs. St. Vitus, who's as bad as one of Cotton Mather's witches—Counsellor Gormand—Old Whistiebelly, the wine merchant, who has the colic so badly, but not from drinking his own brewings—Sly-dog, too cunning for that—Mrs. Nerves, and all the delightful family of the Nerveses. "Oh! natio credula, quoque tolerabimur vobis," as Saint Mark came very near saying. Which is, being interpreted, oh! generation of gulls, how long will ye tolerate gull-catching. Look sharp, Tim, see that thou charge no one twice.

Thirty-five visits per diem! Hand me down Pike's Arithmetic. Tell me, Tim, how much is thirty-five times nine, for "I am ill at reckoning, it suits the spirit of a tapster." Is't forty dollars?—Head of Apollo! but it is, and something more. And how much is three hundred and sixty-five times forty?—Ghost of Jeremiah Conway! but that stumps me. It's enough though. Gold-headed cane, and flat-bottom'd wig—house in Colonade Row among the Dons—red hammer-cloth, and pair of greys. Who'd be Daniel Webster, if he could be Esculapius Coffin, M. D.! It's pleasant enough, to be sure, as the poet thinks, "monstrari digito, et dicere hic est." But solid pudding's the thing after all. All men of sense prefer solid pudding to "empty praise." Daniel Webster's a great man, to be sure. And so was Dominie Sampson. I like great men. But, faith! not so great that you can't take their altitude without a quadrant. But what's that to forty dollars a day?—Daniel Webster, and nine dollars!—Pough!—

Here, Mr. Timothy Compound, write me billets for dinner on Saturday. Sit down at half past five. Despatch patients by three. If any send after, say I'm out. Send for Bolus, and Cataplasm,—my cousin Tom Coffin, and Jeremiah Killam,—old Scalping-Knife, the surgeon,—Dr. Linkum, who's good at a goose,—Professor Ninkum, good at a corkscrew,—little Nimschi the priest, to say grace for us, for he loves brief words, and rolls up his mouth as if he were sucking a cork out of a bottle,—Colonel Sam Hyde of Newburyport, who draws the long bow so gracefully, and manufactures matter for the Marvelous Magazine,—and the jovial Joe Miller, "to set the table in a row,"—and, though last not least, set down our friend Galaxi himself, that delightful compound of physical pungencies, pepper and salt, vinegar and mustard, all in a bottle together. Set him down, Tim. Order six gallons of Don Pedro,—Wheeler's best. Request Mrs. Coffin to direct two pair of canvas backs,—oxtail soup,—and green goose stuffed with assafetida, or *Teuffel's dreck*, which I leave for those learned in German to translate. Off with Galenicals. "Sicut Apollo apud Bacchum." "Cedant armatoge!" We'll change our scalpels for carving knives, and convert crotchetts into corkscrews. The dispensers of sub-muriate shall be *pro-tempore* sub tabula. And we'll knock off a bumper to health and success to the faculty, and general indisposition to the rest of mankind.

Pride is equal in all men; and differs but in the means and manner of shewing itself.

Laws of the State of Maine.

AN ACT to authorize the Selectmen of Gardiner to appoint an additional number of Engine-Men.

SECT. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled,* That the Selectmen of the town of Gardiner, in the county of Kennebec, for the time being, be, and they hereby are authorized, in manner by law provided, for the appointment of Engine-Men, to appoint for the engine in said town, called the Hydraulica, a number of Engine-Men, not to exceed thirty-two.

SECT. 2. *Be it further enacted,* That the Engine-Men so appointed, shall be subject to all the duties and liabilities, and shall be entitled to all the privileges and exemptions of Engine-Men appointed in manner by law provided.

SECT. 3. *Be it further enacted,* That this Act shall be taken, and deemed to be a public Act.

[Approved by the Governor, February 10, 1826.]

AN ACT to apportion and assess on this State, a Tax of forty-nine thousand nine hundred ninety-one dollars and ninety-seven cents.

SECT. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled,* That each town, plantation or other place hereinafter named, within this State, shall be assessed and pay the several sums with which they respectively stand charged in the following schedule, viz:

[Here follows the schedule.]

SECT. 2. *Be it further enacted,* That the Treasurer of the State shall forthwith send his warrant, directed to the Selection or Assessors of each town, plantation, or other place, taxed as aforesaid, requiring them respectively to assess the sum so charged, in manner following, viz: To each male poll, above the age of twenty-one years, within their respective towns, plantations, or other places adjoining them, not belonging to any other town or plantation, provided such places were included and returned in the last valuation, at twenty cents, provided the same shall not exceed one sixth part of the whole sum assessed; and if at twenty cents on the poll, the poll tax shall exceed one sixth part of the sum to be assessed, the poll tax shall be so reduced, as not to exceed one sixth part of such tax, but shall be made as nearly equal as may be to said sixth part of the whole, and if by the above rules the proportion of the State, county and town or plantation taxes, exclusive of highway taxes to be paid by the polls, shall in any town or plantation exceed two dollars on each poll, it shall be reduced so as to make that sum: and the highway taxes, in such town or plantation shall be assessed in the same proportion: and the residue of such sum charged as aforesaid, to each town, plantation, or other place respectively, to assess upon the respective inhabitants thereof, according to the value of the real estate therein owned or possessed by each of them, on the first day of May next, either in his own right, or the right of others, improved or not improved, (except pews in houses of public worship,) or upon the owners of real estate in such town, plantation, or other place, whether such owner resides in the same or not, on the first day of May, according to the just value thereof; and upon non-resident proprietors of real estates lying within such town, plantation or other place, in their own right or the right of others, improved or not improved, and also on all the inhabitants of such town, plantation, or other place, and all other persons possessing estates within the same, on the first day of May, according to the proportion of the amount of their respective personal estates, including all moneys at interest more than they pay interest for, and all debts due to them, more than they are indebted for; moneys of all kinds on hand; public securities of all sorts; all bank stocks; and shares (or property) in any incorporated company for a bridge or turnpike road, or shares in any other incorporated company possessing taxable property, according to the just value thereof; and also the amount of all goods, wares and merchandise, or any stock in trade, including stock employed in manufactures, not exempted by law; vessels of all kinds whether at home or abroad, with all their stores and appurtenances; and all pleasure carriages drawn by one or more horses: mules, horses, and neat cattle, each of one year old and upwards and swine six months old and upwards; and also the amount of income of such inhabitants from any profession, employment, or by any annuity, or legacy, or other source, or gained by trading at sea or on land, and all other property of the several kinds returned in the last valuation for the purpose of taxation, excepting sheep, household furniture, wearing apparel, farming utensils, tools of mechanics necessary for carrying on their business, and salt works for the manufacture of salt, and also the machinery in cotton and woollen manufactures; but carding machines used for the purpose of carding rolls from sheep's wool, whether attached to such manufactures or not shall not by this exception be considered as exempted from taxation.

SECT. 3. *Be it further enacted,* That every freeholder or tenant who by virtue of this act, may be assessed and shall pay any sum for real estate in his possession, may require his landlord, the owner or agent of such estate, to reimburse the half of such sum, unless it be otherwise provided for by an agreement between them. And every owner of horses, mules, or neat cattle shall be taxed therefor, in the town, plantation or other place wherein he may be an inhabitant on the first day of May, notwithstanding any of said creatures may have been sent to some other place for pasture only, before that time.

SECT. 4. *Be it further enacted,* That the Treasurer in his said warrant shall require the said Selectmen or Assessors, respectively, to make a fair list or list [lists] of their assessments, setting forth in distinct columns against each person's name how much he or she is assessed for polls and for real and personal estate and income as aforesaid; distinguishing any sum assessed on such person as guardian, or for any estate in his or her possession in trust, and also insert in such list the number of acres of unimproved land, which they may have taxed on each non-resident proprietor of land, and the value at which they may have estimated the same; and such list or lists, when completed and signed by them and the major part of them, to commit to the collector or collectors, constable or constables of such town, plantation or other places, respectively, with a warrant or warrants in due form of law, requiring them to collect and pay the same to the said Treasurer, on or before the first day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, and also to return a certificate of the names of such collector or collectors, constable or constables, with the sum total which they may be so required to collect, to the said Treasurer, sometime before the first day of December next.

SECT. 5. *Be it further enacted,* That all goods, wares and merchandise or other stock in trade, including stock employed in manufactures, ships or vessels, shall be taxed in the town, plantation or other place where they are sold, used or improved, notwithstanding the owner or owners may reside in some other place: *Provided*, Such person or persons do hire a shop, store or wharf in such town, plantation or other place, and not where they dwell or have their home; and they shall be respectively held to deliver, on oath or affirmation, if required, a list of

their whole taxable estates to the assessors of the town, plantation or other place where they may dwell, on the said first day of May, distinguishing what part thereof is taxable elsewhere, and in default thereof, they may be doomed by said assessors; *Provided* however, That this clause shall in no case be so construed as to entitle the assessors of any town, plantation or other place, to assess an inhabitant of any other town, plantation, or other place, for any other property charged thereto in the last valuation.

SECT. 6. *Be it further enacted,* That all property and estate belonging to any literary or charitable institution shall be exempted from assessment and taxation; and no person shall be taxed in any town on account or by reason of his residing there as the student in any literary seminary; and that Indians shall not be assessed and taxed for their polls and estates.

SECT. 7. *Be it further enacted,* That the Engine-Men so appointed, shall be subject to all the duties and liabilities, and shall be entitled to all the privileges and exemptions of Engine-Men appointed in manner by law provided.

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SECT. 3. *Be it further enacted,* That the assessors shall make their several rate lists, to be committed to the collectors or constables in such form, in substance, as shall be prescribed by the Treasurer of the State, when he transmits his warrants to the several towns and plantations, as herein directed.

[Approved by the Governor, March 8, 1826.]

Nineteenth Congress.

IN THE HOUSE.

SATURDAY, April 1.

AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION.

On motion of Mr. BRENT, the orders of the day were postponed, and the House again resolved into Committee, Mr. McLane in the Chair, on the resolutions for amending the Constitution.

Mr. McDUFFIE said, he understood several gentlemen were desirous to reply to some of his arguments made yesterday, and he thought it only fair that the opportunity should be allowed them.

Mr. TRIMBLE, of Kentucky, spoke in reply to Mr. McDUFFIE, and in reference to the general subject.

He was followed by Mr. VANCE, of Ohio, on the same side.

Mr. McDUFFIE then rose, and put a question to Mr. Trimble; to which the latter promptly replied. A controversy then ensued of no pleasant nature, the particulars of which the Reporter refrains from giving at this time.

Mr. ESTILL, of Virginia. "What is the question before the House?"

Mr. KREMER remarked, that in the present excited state of gentlemen's minds, it would be inexpedient for him, as intended, to speak on the general subject; and therefore moved that the Committee rise. Motion negatived.

Mr. MOORE, of Ken. in reply to Mr. Trimble, wished to know if some observations which fell from that gentleman in relation to Gen. JACKSON, were to be considered as applying to him (Mr. M.)

Mr. TRIMBLE repeated what he had said, and expressed his astonishment that it could be subject to such a construction.

Mr. HAMILTON, of S. C. thought the House was not in a fit temper to decide the question, and moved that the Committee rise.—Withdrawn.

Mr. HENRY, of Kentucky, made some explanations as to the reasons which influenced the Presidential vote.

Mr. BUCHANAN, of Penn. appealed to the Committee, to close a debate which had already occupied six or eight weeks.

Mr. WEBSTER said, the sense of the House was undoubtedly in favour of closing the present discussion. The way to accomplish which was to move that the Committee rise; with a view, when the question shall come into the House, of moving to discharge the Committee from the further consideration of it. He concluded by moving, that the Committee rise.

The Committee then rose, and the resolutions being before the House, Mr. Webster moved to discharge the Committee of whole from the further consideration of the same. Agreed to. The resolutions were then modified on the motion of Mr. McDUFFIE. Other amendments being offered.

Mr. SAUNDERS, of N. C. moved the previous question. [This question entirely excludes all propositions to amend.] The motion prevailed.—Ayes 86—Noes 60.

The question then was, "Shall the main question be now put?" Mr. POWELL demanded the Ayes and Noes. Agreed to. They were, Yeas 123—Nays 64.

It was voted that the main question should be put on the Resolutions separately.

The question was then taken on the first Resolution, viz:

Resolved, That for the purpose of electing the President and Vice President of the United States, the Constitution ought to be amended in such manner as will prevent the election of the aforesaid officers from devolving on Congress.

YEAS—Messrs. Adams of N. Y. Addams of Penn. Alexander of Va. Alexander of Tenn. Allen of Tenn. Alston, Anderson, Angel, Armstrong, Ashley, Bailey, Badger, Barbour of Va. Barney, Bassett, Baylies,

Bixby, Bon, Brent, Buchanan, Buckner, Cambreleng, rejoined, and Mr. WHIPPLE, of New-Hampshire, rose in support of the claim; but after commencing his speech, gave way for a motion that the Committee rise—which prevailed.

And the House then adjourned at half past 4 o'clock.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1826.

A PROBATE Court will be held at the Probate Office in this town, on Tuesday the second day of May next.

A HINT.—We should take it as a favour in those persons who dislike our "punny paper," when they detain it from a "subscriber" in order to read it, if they would be as expeditious as possible, and forward it immediately to the owner, and say—we won't read it—that they may stand a better chance of being believed.

MASSACHUSETTS' CLAIMS.—Our readers will perceive that this subject has again been called up in the House of Representatives.—It is a little curious to see those men unite now in support of the claim, who were once in opposition to each other. We suspect they have forgotten some of their former expressions respecting it; however, if they can get the Rhine, it is best to stick to it.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR—*Nobody hurt!!!*—Mr. CLAY, (the Hon. Secretary of State,) and Mr. RANDOLPH have settled an affair of honour on the banks of the Potomac. After arriving on the field, Mr. Randolph's pistol went off accidentally—probably his hand shook; after which they fired twice each, but without effect. It is very strange that neither of them hit; we can not account for it in any other way than that they were either both so scared that they could not shoot straight, or their pistols contained only powder.

However, Mr. Randolph made the proper acknowledgments to Mr. CLAY, and thus the affair terminated.—Good business. It is well to have all officers of government and members of Congress good marksmen. In this case, however, they did not "hit it;" and it is said one might as well hit the edge of a jack-knife as either of them.

The Bank of Passamaquoddy at Eastport has stopped payment. The cause of its failure is said to be owing to their accepting large drafts from England, the drawers of which have since failed.

NEW YORK.—Mr. WALTER BALFOUR, of Charlestown, (Mass.) has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, an Inquiry into the Scriptural Doctrine concerning the Devil and Satan; and also into the extent of the duration expressed by the terms *Olim*, *Aion* and *Aionion*, which are rendered everlasting, forever, &c. in the common version, especially when applied to punishment.—The work will be published on good paper, 12mo. size, from 350 to 400 pages, and delivered in boards, at \$1.00 each copy, or handsomely bound, at \$1.25 cents.

Persons who are desirous of possessing a copy of this work, are informed that it will be printed particularly for subscribers. It will not be in the market like most other books—but like his *Inquiry into the Scriptural Doctrine of Future Punishment*, will be hard to be obtained after it is published.

Subscriptions will be received at the Oxford Bookstore.

IT LOOKS LIKE OPPRESSION.—A man by the name of William Richardson, who had been Clerk in the Register's Office for the County of Hancock, was convicted before Judge PENN, at the last Term of the Court of Common Pleas, for that County, of breaking into said Office in the day time, and stealing a piece of India Rubber of the value of two cents, and sentenced to fifteen days solitary imprisonment, and six months hard labour in the State Prison. If this is the whole story, who will not say it is a wanton exercise of power? Perhaps there may be other circumstances to aggravate the offence; but if there are none, it is surely too cruel; and we hope the man has appealed from such judgment.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Governor LINCOLN has been re-elected Governor in this State, by a majority of about six thousand votes. In his native County, (Worcester,) the majority of the votes given were against him. "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country."

THE GREAT UNKNOWN, WELL KNOWN.—This personage, who has made such a distinguished figure in the Literary world, by the *Waverly Novels*, has recently become known; and he proves to be none other than the far famed Sir Walter Scott. It is highly probable his works will not relish quite so well with the reading community as formerly.

"DIFFERENCE OF CLIMATE."—We learn by Noah's Advocate, that green Peas were sold in the Charleston, (S. C.) market on the 11th of March. He observes, with them, (N. Y. city,) they were not in bloom on the 6th inst., and inquires, "how are they on Penobscot?" We can inform him that in this place, which is probably about 90 miles South west from that river, our snow is not yet lost, and we are daily expectation of more.

NOVELTY.—We noticed in Noah's Advocate, that in the town of Canajoharie, (N. Y.) the names of twenty-one town officers for the present season were *Fun Attaic*.

CAPT. SYMES.—This gentleman is now in New-York, delivering *Lectures* on his *hollow theory of the earth*, to an overflowing house.

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EQUALLY, RATHER EQUALLY.—Our readers will know what was my language yesterday, as to Mr. Clay and his friends—I ask the gentleman from Kentucky whether he heard it?" "I did not," (said Mr. T.) "hear the whole of it—I heard a part—but I was told by a friend that it contained a qualification of a very offensive kind." Mr. McDuffie now said, "It is useless to press for any explanation—perhaps it had been better I had not asked it—but (raising his voice, and flashing from every feature,) I wish now the gentleman to understand that I perfectly understand the game that is going on—and perfectly understand the skulking manager who moves the wires. The honourable gentleman from Ohio, told the House that he came from the lowest orders of society: (here Mr. Vance said he had qualified his declaration as referring to poverty.)—Sir, he need not have told us that—he has not disappointed his destiny. But, when the Secretary of State wished to avoid responsibility, and put forth only tools and understrappers, I have only to say, that if he wishes me to move in this business, he must send me gentlemen, and I never will recognize as such every one who happens to hold a seat here."

Soon after the above scene, Mr. Webster put an end to the debate by moving for the Committee to rise, and to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject. The House then rejected one of the Resolutions, and agreed to another.

"Much speculation is on foot as to the consequences of this scene; and the questions, who ought to challenge?—Ought Trimble, because McDuffie's attack was first made? Ought Vance, because McDuffie called him no gentleman? Ought both, because they were called tools and understrappers? Ought Mr. Clay, because McDuffie virtually said he would not fight his underlings, but would fight him? Did McDuffie turn tail? Will he fight if challenged? Is in every body's mouth. Would it not be better to inquire, what says the Decalogue?"

Mr. McDuffie says, that Messrs. Trimble and Vance were set on him by Mr. Clay.—The Democratic Press intimates, that Mr. McDuffie was instigated by Mr. Calhoun, and that the whole truth will shortly be known for the public, and shed some light upon "the character of one of the most profligate and ambitious public men, who has ever dared to aspire to the Presidency. It is a new thing to have the floor of the Senate made an arena, on which a political Gladiator, at the expense of all rules and orders, and in violation of all decorum, was permitted to stab at the character of one of our most distinguished and honoured statesmen."

The same paper, in describing the replies of Messrs. Trimble and Vance, to Mr. McDuffie, says, "They publicly drew the offender to the whipping post, and the lash of retributive justice was heard to resound amid the shrieks and cries of the writhing wretch, who sank exhausted and unpitied under the wholesome but severe discipline which was inflicted. The ambitious intrigues of the Master Spirit, were fearlessly exposed, and an impression was made, that the Vice President deserved to see Messrs. Jackson and Clay, Messrs. Clinton and Crawford, all consigned to dishonour or oblivion, in order that his way to the Presidency might be cleared."

"He was a poor painter, and lest the figures he had drawn might be mistaken, he would put their names under them."

He then began a direct, personal attack on both, particularly Mr. Clay; whom he charged with the most corrupting ambition, and called him an influential intriguer, and a President maker.

On Saturday, after the House had resolved into Committee, Mr. Trimble addressed the Committee in a speech which thus described by a correspondent of the New-York Commercial:—

"It was not a laboured answer to every part of Mr. McDuffie's; but was directed mainly to the defence of Mr. Clay and his friends. After parrying the charge of political corruption, he turned the tables and attacked McDuffie as a calumniator, who had advanced the blackest charges on mere suspicion. He said there were different kinds of perjury. A man who swore to what he knew was false, was guilty of it in one form; but a man who swore that a certain matter was true, without knowing whether it was true or false, was no less a perfused felon" than the other."

And alluding to the future punishment of Calumniators, he said that the one he had described would be "delivered over to heaven's hangman, to scourge the rascal naked round the horizon of heaven's circumference."

Mr. Vance, of Ohio, made a pathetic appeal against the attacks of Mr. McDuffie, and declared, that he was dragged into the debate to wipe off the calumny from the name of his children. He then went into a recrimination of the charge of inconsistency, political bargaining, &c. and was so strongly excited that his voice broke down in about twenty minutes. In the course of his remarks Mr. Vance stated, that he had reason, if any man had, to prize the Constitution, for it had enabled him to rise to his present situation and to all times.—*Nat. Intell.*

The following particulars of the scene which ensued are extracted from the letter above alluded to:—

Mr. McDuffie, during the delivery of these speeches, had occupied a seat a little in advance of the speakers—where he sat pale and restless, the features of his countenance like the face of the sky when it bodes a whirlwind. His rose reply, but stood more than a minute silent, his eye alone, (and he has a terrible one,) uttering the conflict within him. During that moment the hall and the gallery were as still as the grave. At length he said—"I rise, Mr. Speaker, for the purpose of endeavoring to obviate misunderstanding as to the precise and specific meaning of language of debate used here in its application to gentlemen of this House—and first I turn to the gentleman from Kentucky. After stating, in a manner calculated to induce the majority of any intelligent body to apply his remarks to me, that the man who swears (here he quoted with accuracy the expressions of Mr. Trimble)—Now, Sir, I wish the gentleman to say explicitly whether he did not intend to apply these terms to me."

Mr. Trimble then rose, his countenance exhibiting a state of excitement scarcely less than that of Mr. McDuffie's. He stood some time; but at length, with the look of one who, by a powerful effort, had wrested down his feelings, Mr. Trimble said in reply: "When I commenced the debate, I thought I put myself and the gentleman from S. C. on a perfect footing of equality—I said we were both 'lookers on in Venice.' I assumed to myself neither any purity, nor any privilege here, which I did not allow to him. The gentleman made in this House, yesterday, one of the most extraordinary speeches which I believe was ever heard in any deliberative body—and I have first to ask him whether he meant, in the remarks he then made, any personality to me? In what I said I meant to deal out measure for measure: before God I meant no less; and may heaven's lightning blast me if I meant any more. I told him we were both lookers on. I meant to make no charge of corruption unless he did; but if he did, I did. I shall give no explanation to the gentleman from S. C. until that gentleman gives an explanation to me. I thought I treated the thing fairly—I treated him precisely as he meant to be understood as treating us—I did not involve him further. If he says he meant no personality, I meant none; if he did, I did; but, in doing so, as it is the whole course of my remarks, I put myself entirely on the defensive. I felt, I now feel no malice toward him, or toward any man; but, whatever may follow this, I do not mean that either myself or my friends shall have imputations cast upon us. The gentleman's answer is with himself, when he answers, I do."

Mr. McDuffie replied, "Every gentleman here

Married,

In Buckfield, Mr. Peter G. Bailey of Bangor, to Miss Louisa Prince of the former place.—Mr. Noah Prince to Miss Sarah Farrar.

In Chesterville, on the 18th inst. Isaac Pratt, Esq. of Leeds, to Miss Abigail Parcher of the former place.

We would inform those persons who favour us with marriages for insertion in the *Observer*, that they should be accompanied with the real name of the writer, (and a large slice of their wedding-cake,) that we may not be imposed upon in future. *Ed. Obs.*

Died,

In Hamlin's Gore, Mr. Solomon Cummings, aged 22 years.—He has left a widow to mourn the loss of a kind and indulgent husband.

NOTICE.

WE the Subscribers, four of the Persons named in the act to establish the Kennebec and Androscoggin Canal Association, hereby give notice, that a meeting of the Persons named in said act will be held at STANLEY'S Inn, in Wayne, on Wednesday the third day of May next, at eleven o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of organizing said corporation, and acting upon any other business relative to the purposes for which said act was granted, which may be brought before them.

All persons desirous of becoming members of said Company, or of forwarding the objects for which said Act was obtained, are requested to meet at the same time and place.

R. H. GARDINER,
SAMUEL JEWETT,
EDWARD FULLER,
JOSHUA BOWLES.

Gardiner, April 4, 1826.

94

TICKETS! TICKETS!!

IN the Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery, in a great variety of numbers—constantly on hand and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, where may be had tickets of

\$10,000—\$5,000—\$1,000,

and several smaller sums.

Present price—Wholes, \$4 75—Quarters, \$1 25—Eighths, 62 1-2 cents.

As it is expected the Lottery will soon be drawn, the price of Tickets will immediately rise.—Therefore all who are desirous of securing a competency of the "useful," should call immediately—

ASA BARTON.

94

MR. DELAIS ARE DANGEROUS!—

FEATHERS!

HENRY POOR,
At No. 3, Union Row, Middle-street,
Portland,

OFFERS for sale at *10/- Boston Prices.*

and of Prime Quality,

Bags Northern and Southern

LIVE GESE FEATHERS.

Sacks RUSSIA Nos. 1, 2 & 3

Geese Feathers.

BED TICKS, SHEETING.

&c. &c.

—ALSO—

Of this Spring's Importation from Europe

and India direct—

A Splendid and Extensive STOCK of

Silk, Woollen, & Cotton

GOODS;

embracing almost every fabric and style usually

found in market.

March 30.—94

NOTICE.

THE subscribers hereby give notice to the inhabitants of the town of Paris, liable to be assessed in any State, Town or County Taxes for the year 1826, that they will be in session, at the Assessors' Office in said town, on Monday and Tuesday the 1st and 2d days of May next, to receive true and correct lists of all the real and personal estate and income to be assessed as aforesaid.

THOMAS HILL, Jr.

WILLIAM WALKER,

THOMAS CLARK,

Paris.

Paris, April 17, 1826.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that Taxes for the years eighteen hundred and twenty-four and eighteen hundred and twenty-five, have been ordered and assessed by the Court of Sessions for the County of Oxford, on the following described Townships and Tracts of Land situated in said County of Oxford:—

1. Letter E, A.D. 1824. Amount of Tax. Total amount.

2. Same, " 1825. " 4 81 \$ 9 10 31

3. Number one, Range one, " 1824. 5 19 11 12

4. Same, " 1825. 5 93 11 12

5. Number one, Letter A, " 1824. 6 11 13 10

6. Same, " 1825. 6 99 13 10

7. Number two, Letter A, " 1824. 6 65 14 25

8. Number four, Range three, " 1825. 5 60 5 60

9. Number two, Range three, " 1824. 5 60 10 50

10. Number four, Range four, " 1824. 5 37 11 51

11. Number two, Range two, " 1825. 6 14 6 14

12. Letter C, adjoining Letter B, " 1825. 8 86 8

POETRY.

To the Editor of the Oxford Observer.

I noticed a piece of Poetry in your last week's paper, [See Observer of the 5th inst.] bearing rather hard upon the Ladies; being one of that class and consequently interested, I send you the following for publication:

M.A.N.

Men are fickle, faithless creatures—
Deceit is stamp'd on all their features;
From fair to fair they gaily rove,
And to each one they say, "I love,"
And when each heart is all their own
They boast how many hearts they've won.

They say, they love, and are believed—
We find, too late, we are deceived;
And should we of our wrongs complain,
They laugh—and seek for other game.
And thus they go in triumph on
Boasting how many hearts they've won.

Mark that fair girl, opprest'd with woe
And broken-hearted, see her go
To drown her sorrows in yon stream—
For life to her is but a dream.
Of hopes destroy'd—her love, man sought,
And when he had her ruin wrought
He left her; yes, the faithless one,
Boasting how many hearts he'd won.

***** April 11.

MR. BARTON—If you can give the following a place in your paper, you will much oblige

When from this glowing heart,
Its pulse has fled—
Its life's strings torn apart,
And I am dead—
To wail my soul away
Let some pure spirit pray,
And sing a paring lay
Around my bed—

And when my corse is borne
Upon the bier
By the cold world that mourns
Without a tear;
Toll not the funeral bell
My early fate to tell—
One sight would be a knell
Far, far more dear.

I have no friends to weep
Around the spot,
Where my remains shall sleep
And be forgot;
But should my Hellen dare
To trust her footsteps there,
Oh! tell the weeping fair—
Forget me not!

THE OLO.

FROM THE NEW-HAVEN JOURNAL.

THE RATS IN THE CELLAR.

Being a tavern keeper in the town of Gotham, and having two waiters and no cat, I have been for some time much troubled with rats. The rats were overhead, between ceilings, in the closets, in the bar, and in the cellar.—Neighbour Grumple, the stay-maker, came sometimes to sit with me in the bar, of an evening. Talking over our grievances, he complained sadly of his wife; but I, being a widower, when it came to my turn, I talked about the rats. Neighbour Grumple wished his wife among them, and for my part, if it had not been uncivil, I could have found in my heart to wish them at his wife. But, says I, seriously, what are we to do with these rats? They get into the bar; they eat the bread and cheese, and then the beer. Oh, poor! pool stop there, said neighbour Grumple—rats drink beer! Who ever heard of rats drinking beer! Well, I don't know, says I, but there is certainly much beer wasted; and did you know that they dip their tails into long-necked bottles, and let one another suck them? Neighbour Grumple, you astonish me!—but I have a trap—let me lend you my trap, and I'll insure you plenty of rats. I have plenty of rats already, said I. Well, well, I mean to assure you catching plenty. So neighbour Grumple and I talked till bed time, and then he went away, and the next morning he brought me the trap.

It was a trap like a man trap, with great teeth. So says I, neighbour Grumple, you don't want to catch men? Neighbour Grumple, good soul, looked as pale as death; the very idea of catching men seemed to make him shudder. Well, I set the trap in the bar, and behold, next morning, I found a rat in it, sure enough, stone dead, with a great lump of cheese in his mouth. I set it for several nights, and always got a rat next morning. There was no more cheese; but one morning I caught a large rat with a cork in his mouth! Well, this is something new, however. How came rats to be fond of corks? After all, I considered that it was not very remarkable for the devils to be fond of corks, when they were so marvellous fond of bottles.

In about three weeks I found all the rats gone out of the bar; but still they made a great noise in the cellar. Says I, my boys, "I'll bring down your music. So I set the trap in the cellar. But somehow the rats in the cellar did not understand it; they never even put their foot into it—still they made a great noise. One night, Sopkins, the tailor, came in, and I told him all this. Says he, set a lighted candle in the cellar, and they will see the cheese in the trap, and I'll warrant you they'll take it. This was an old scheme of neighbour Sopkins, for I always thought that rats were fond of darkness—that they were creatures which "loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." However, I thought I would try the candle.

I told John and Joe, my two waiters, to be sure to set a lighted candle in the cellar, and I said, by way of joke, that he would pay every attention to the company there. The waiters stared at me—I laughed at them and they laughed harder than ever. Well done, my boys, said I, I see you enjoy a joke. So they set a lighted candle in the cellar.

This first morning after the light, there was a fine large rat in the trap, just under my best pipe of port, which I sell from the wood at five shillings the full quart. Bless my soul, exclaimed I, how the fellow has been bleeding! The floor seemed covered with blood; I tried to find where he had been wounded, but I could find no mark or bruise, stab, or tear about him. He had been bathed in blood; his under part had been quite soaked in it. Well, thinks I, there must have been a battle; and this word battle made me think of bottle—people so often have battles over the bottle, and with that I held the rat to my nose. What do you think, sir?—he smelt of port wine? Oh! Oh! says I, I smell a rat! It was a new thing to me, how any rat should drink port wine.

The next night I had neighbour Sopkins and neighbour Grumple in the bar, talking over the news. I told them that the greatest news I had was that the rats had been drinking my port wine, and I thought this proved to me some two-legged rats had been at it. Oh no! said neighbour Sopkins, not at all, not at all—rats are the most luxurious dogs alive—what

do you think? I (hu! hu! hu!)—and his great belly jumped up and down with his solid laugh—I actually caught a rat (hu! hu! hu!) drinking my brandy! I held up my hands in amazement! I'll assure you it is true, said neighbour Grumple. Well, said I, tell us how it happened—hadn't the rogues any water to their brandy? You see, said Sopkins, my nephew, who is in a great counting house, in Malaga, sent me a quantity of Spanish brandy: It is a good liquor, but not so dark coloured as Cognac. It was in bottles in a hamper. As soon as this brandy arrived, I set it by, just as it was received, except that I opened it at the top to see that it was safe, and set it in my office, behind the work room. I never knew of any rats being there: however, two or three days after the brandy was put into the room, I looked under the straw just to take out a bottle to let a friend taste the stuff, and there I found a rat lying dead: looked a little farther, and there I found a bottle empty? Doesn't this prove to you that rats drink brandy? Not quite, said I, for the sailors might have drank your brandy, and put in the rat. So I thought, so I thought, said Sopkins, but you shall hear how I found out the rats. I infused a quantity of poison in the upper bottle of brandy; the next day we caught, we dissected, and he had evident marks of poison in his flesh.—I'll assure you, it is true, said neighbour Grumple.

All this did not satisfy me. I could not see how a rat could get drunk with port wine, and get himself into a trap, or get himself into a trap and get drunk with port wine after he was almost beheaded. These things puzzled me amazingly. One day, however, the exciseman came in, and I told him my grievances. He advised me to get a small keg. He drew off a quantity of my best pipe, took out the head of it, and put in the keg full of port wine mixed with jalap, so as to come out at the tap without mixing with the rest. This was in the afternoon, when nobody saw us. I told John and Joe to let nobody have any of the best port that day, but to tell the customers that it was sick, and give them some of the inferior kind. Very considerate of me to save them from being sick, by laying the charge of sickness on the wine. All went on well. I had the rat-trap baited extra. I had a famous large candle—a four in the pound, in the cellar. We all went to bed, at the usual time, but about two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a confusion of tongues complaining sadly. I walked quietly down stairs. I found that the cellar door stood ajar—I tripped as lightly as I could towards the bottom, and there I saw John and Joe, and Sopkins, and Grumple: the waiters half dressed and in slippers, groaning terribly, and talking out of all caution about their bowels, and the queer taste of the wine. Nonsense, nonsense, said the stay-maker! There's a rat in the wine, that's all, and he's about to swallow his first glass: while Sopkins was just filling a jug. John and Joe had got it before them, and thus it happened, my two story tellers about brandy-drinking rats had not yet enjoyed my jalap. I heard and saw enough, however, and I bounded into the cellar like a fury—I'll rat you, my boys, cried I, I'll rat you. With that Sopkins and Grumple hobbled upstairs, but John and Joe—. Let no man believe that there are rats in his wine cellar, till he has tried jalap.

A story told by the traveller Carr outrages any thing Münchhausen ever wrote in his proudest day, that in one part of Europe it was the custom to tie an ear of corn on the shaft of a carriage, extending just beyond the nose of the horse, which the stupid animal would run after all day in the hope of overtaking.

THE WISHES GRATIFIED. In order to ascertain the idea a sailor had of happiness and the compass of his wants, he was informed that every thing he could wish for in three times should be given him. "Why, then, (cried Jack) let me have all the rum in the world!" What next?—"Why, let me have all the tobacco in the world!" And what else? "Damm if I know; why, you may give me a little more rum!"

The eccentric Mr. R., Minister of Jedburg, had a habit of asking so many questions in a breath, that he could get a reply to none of them. Once, however, he had met with a person who was able to accommodate him.—Riding home from a Sacramento, by a muriand road, and coming towards a ford, he met a woman who had crossed the river with a sack of meal upon her back, whom he thus accosted: "Weel, Jancy, how's a' wi' you? How far is it to Jedgart? How deep is the water? What's the price of your meal?" To which she replied, "Very weel, thank you, sir—two mile—middle deep—and a saxe-pence."

How people live in toon. A very honest hearted Dutchman, who had seen but little of the world, took it into his head to visit the Metropolis, a place he had never before seen—but among all the wonders which perplexed him, he "couldn't tell how de peoples all got a lifter upon te town; tey all stands or walks apout and don't work none at all"—one of his more experienced neighbours explained the mystery thus: "I tell you Hans, dey follows scheaten one another, and dat call piness, und dat's te way dey kits deneffin."

Kitchen Gardening.

As every farmer is interested in the best method of cultivating a common Kitchen Garden, I have collected as much information on that subject as my means could furnish. I found that many farmers are in the habit of purchasing seeds from the people denominated Shakers; and I imagined that an account of the Shakers' method in cultivating the most useful plants of the kitchen garden, would be very acceptable. In the annexed directions I have embraced a course of the operations which I received from Richard Trest, the oldest gardener at the Shaker village in New-Lebanon, Columbia County, New-York.

Lettuce—should be sowed as early as it can be taken into the ground, for it cannot be injured by early frosts. Dr. Hammond sows a bed for early lettuce late in the preceding fall. It ought to be sowed in rows sixteen inches apart, between vacant rows intended for some other plant; for as the Lettuce will soon be pulled out, other rows of late vegetables may occupy the whole bed.

Radishes—should be sowed in drills, eight inches apart, the last week in March. The beds should be made of horse manure, fresh from the stables, well manured with good garden mould. Often loosen the soil about them while growing, and keep the weeds out.

Onions—should be sowed about the 28th of April, in the drills sixteen inches apart, made very shallow, not exceeding half an inch in depth, and raked in lightly lengthwise of the drills. The beds having been worked with thoroughly rotted manure, at least five inches deep, they will be up very uniformly in about fourteen days.

Loose them as soon as they are just up sufficiently to be hoed carefully without injury. Let them be hoed six or seven times during the season. The tops will fall about the 10th of August, but they will continue to grow until about the first week in September.

They must not be pulled until the tops become dry; being biennial, Onions never produce seed until the second year.

Onions should always be sowed on the same beds;

for experience has demonstrated that the crops become better after being raised on the same beds for many years in succession.

Parsnips—may be sowed about the 28th of April; but Dr. U. Gregory prefers the last week in March, and selects a dry sandy or loamy bed, which will admit of the earliest culture. They should be sowed in drills, 20 inches apart, and three-fourths of an inch deep, and raked in lengthwise of the drills. The beds should be previously well worked and manured, and afterwards frequently hoed, which is all the care required.

Melons, Cucumbers, and Squashes—should be planted about the middle of May.—Cucumbers for pickling may be planted in the middle of June. The hills may be three or four feet apart. The ground should be well prepared as for Onions. And they must be hoed three times before the time for the vines to run. Afterwards pull out the weeds.

In this part of the country situation should be selected for Cucumbers, which will be shaded from 11 o'clock in the forenoon until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and where they are exposed to the sun the rest of the day.

Cabbages—should be transplanted into beds where they are to grow, about the 20th of May—they having been sowed in a small bed for plants about a month previous. The ground ought to be well mellowed and manured, before they are transplanted.

They should not be hoed in the morning, when the dew is on, and but once each week, until they begin to head.

They must not be pulled up until there is danger of their freezing too fast in the ground to be got up. If there happens an early snow, it will not injure them. When they are removed from the garden, they should be set out again, in a trench dug in the bottom of a cellar. If the cellar is pretty cool, it will be the better.

[Burlington Gazette.]

State of Maine.

TREASURY OFFICE, March 21, 1826.

WHEREAS, by an Act, entitled, "An Act respecting the collecting of Taxes on uninhabited land not taxable by the Assessors of any town or plantation," passed the 29th day of January, 1822, it is made the duty of the Treasurer of this State, that whenever a State Tax has been, or shall be, lawfully assessed on any township, or other tract of uninhabited land in this State, not taxable by the Assessors of any town or plantation, the Treasurer of the State shall forthwith advertise the same three weeks successively in the public newspapers of the printer to the State, for the time being; and in one of the newspapers printed in the county where such land lies, if any there be, otherwise in a newspaper printed in the next adjoining county, if such newspaper there be, therein notifying all persons interested in such lands, that unless the amount of said taxes respectively, be paid, into the Treasury of this State, in six months, then next, Warrant will issue from said Treasury to the Sheriffs of the county where such land lies, requiring him to collect all such taxes as may then remain due.

Therefore in compliance with the provisions of the Act aforesaid, I hereby give notice to the proprietors and all persons interested in the townships and other places hereinafter designated, that unless the taxes assessed on them respectively, are paid into this Treasury in six months, they will be liable to the penalties and costs of collection as aforesaid.

ELIAS THOMAS, Treasurer.

COUNTY OF OXFORD.	
Bradley & Eastman's Grant,	\$ 6 10
Township letter D, to J. Gardner,	5 85
" E, to J. Cummings,	5 90
Plantation No. 1, letter A,	7 50
" 2, letter A,	8 15
" 2, first Range,	6 30
" 3, first Range,	8 40
" 4, third "	6 00
" 5, "	6 50
" 4, fourth "	6 60
" 2, second "	6 60
" 3, "	6 75
" 2, third "	6 00
Letter C, adjoining letter B,	9 50
" Letter B,	7 30
" No. 5, fourth Range,	6 65
" No. 7,	6 30
Andover Surplus West,	3 15
Hamlin's Grant,	45
North Surplus of Andover,	3 45

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, (under a license granted by our Hon. Court of Common Pleas,) the whole of the Real Estate of AMOS AUSTIN, late of Jay, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, on Wednesday the tenth day of May next, on the premises, at one o'clock in the afternoon.—Said Real Estate is situated on Canton Point, and consists of about one hundred and fifty acres of LAND—nearly sixty acres of which are excellent intervals. It is well watered, and conveniently situated for a farm. The buildings are a BARN and an undivided half of a two-story DWELLING-HOUSE.—A small part of the purchase money will be required in cash. For the residue a liberal credit will be given, with undoubted security.

DANIEL AUSTIN, Administrator on the estate of Amos Austin.

Canton, March 30, 1826.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Watersford.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Owners and Proprietors of the following lots and parts of lots of LAND in the town of Watersford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that said lots and parts of lots are taxed to non-resident Proprietors of lands, in said Watersford, in the bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for said town of Watersford, for the year 1825—State, County and Town Tax, and deficiencies of Highway Tax for the year 1824, to collect, in the respective sums following, viz:

Proprietors.	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.	21.	22.	23.	24.	25.	26.	27.	28.	29.	30.	31.	32.	33.	34.	35.	36.	37.	38.	39.	40.	41.	42.	43.	44.	45.	46.	47.	48.	49.	50.	51.	52.	53.	54.	55.	56.	57.	58.	59.	60.	61.	62.	63.	64.	65.	66.	67.	68.	69.	70.	71.	72.	73.	74.	75.	76.	77.	78.	79.	80.	81.	82.	83.	84.	85.	86.	87.	88.	89.	90.	91.	92.	93.	94.	95.	96.	97.	98.	99.	100.	101.	102.	103.	104.	105.	106.	107.	108.	109.	110.	111.	112.	113.	114.	115.	116.	117.	118.